



# Daily Democrat

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30, 1864.

## NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Daily Democrat, delivered by carrier throughout the city, is at the rate of twenty-five cents per week, including the Sunday paper.

### Important Notice.

Owing to the increased expense of every article used in the printing business, and an advance price of twenty-five per cent, on the expense of composition, we are compelled to increase the cost of the Daily Democrat. Hereafter the Daily, by mail, will be one dollar per month, or six dollars for six months or ten dollars per year, always in advance.

### CITY NEWS.

#### Adams Press for Sale.

One of the largest sized Adams presses, in complete order, is offered for sale. It is as good as new and will be sold at a bargain, as we have no use for it. Apply at the Democrat office.

CITY.—Yesterday was a "low of a day."

Old Winter must have slapped the clerk of the weather in the mouth, got drunk himself and gone to sleep, for gentle Spring awoke from her slumbering couch and blessed the earth with her smiling countenance. The bright eye of Day was lavish in its smiles as it looked down upon our goodly city, whose sidewalk were enlivened with the presence of so many handsome ladies, who seemed to have come out at the beckon of Spring, and retreated to their quiet homes when old Time drove her from the window and wrapped up the beautiful day in the quiet folds of night. Lure struggled hard to unveil her lovely face and fight up the world with her smiles, to make the night appear as beautiful as the day had been.

"Lamps of Heaven" were hung out in countless numbers, playing hide and seek behind the clouds, that seemed chasing each other playfully through the world of space. I was a night set apart for "lovers," and no doubt there were many a couple who used it to a good advantage, while on the other hand many a cross-grained old maid wished it had raised brickbats and pitchforks, and many an old bachelier wished that a shower of black cats had fallen in the way of those who were more fortunate and happy than themselves. Winter, sleep on.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—We call attention to the liberal offer of Miss Lou Hudson and the managers of the Louisville theater, in another column, to give a performance for the benefit of the refugee women and children congregated in our city. Their wants are so apparent to the eyes of our citizens that it needs no appeal to arouse their charities. All must appreciate the liberality of Miss Hudson and the management of the theater in their proposed effort for their relief. We would say to the ladies of our city that there is nothing in the performances of Miss Hudson—though appearing in male parts—that could offend the most fastidious. Her identification with the character she represents is so thorough that individuality is lost in the artiste, and the auditor is left to admire beauty and genius. We call upon the ladies of our city—for whose pleasure and that of their children the matinees were instituted at our theaters—to display a noble response to the kindly offer of Miss Hudson by crowding every part of the house next Saturday afternoon.

AN OPERATIC SEASON.—On the 12th of next month we are to have Grover's Grand Opera for a season here. It is one of the largest companies, and contains an amount of talent which has never been equalled outside of the Eastern cities. Mr. Grover has performed highly successful engagements in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and Baltimore, and now he comes to Louisville as the first of his Western series of engagements. He gives an annuncatory advertisement this morning, which will call attention to the pleasure which is in store for us, and we have every confidence that the Grover Grand Opera will produce an unparalleled sensation among us.

SALE OF THOROUGHBRED HORSES.—It will be seen by referring to our advertising columns that R. Atchison Alexander will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at Shockney's stable, a large number of the purest bred horses in the State. Their pedigree is given, and their value, whether for the turf, as roadsters, or breeders, will doubtless attract a large crowd of citizens and farmers. Such opportunities seldom offer for procuring thoroughbreds. The sale is to commence at 10 o'clock, corner of Market and Second streets. Let those in want of such stock attend.

ORPHANS' FAIR.—The fair which has been going on during the past week in the Masonic Temple was closed last night. We are happy to state that a large sum has been realized for the benefit of the orphans, and that it has been ably conducted by the ladies who had charge of it. Nearly everything on exhibition was disposed of at liberal prices. The hall was crowded to excess last night.

ACCIDENT ON THE PORTLAND RAILROAD.—We learn that an accident occurred on the Portland railroad, the crossing of the Shippensburg road, last evening, by which two men were severely wounded. One of the wheels of the car broke, and the car was thus thrown from the track and upset, causing the accident.

THE CITY, OR RATHER THE BOYS IN IT, were on a high old grand spree during yesterday, and on a special and particular drunk last night. The policemen have work to do, or they should be sick abed at home. The city should not be given over to rowdism yet.

BARRACKS NO. 1.—Yesterday was a busy day at the barracks.

... Saturday was a busy and thirty

... cents arrived from various points; three hundred and fifty-nine men were sent to Nashville and thence to Bowlinggreen, Ky.

... Bridges Haley sold whisky to soldiers yesterday, and her establishment, consisting of three bottles, was confiscated. She is in the female military prison, "where moth doth not corrupt nor theives break in to steal."

Alex. Gilmore, Jr., was arrested yesterday and afterwards paroled to report this morning. His establishment was closed and his entire stock confiscated for selling liquor to soldiers.

A young man was attacked with a severe fit yesterday afternoon on Sixth street, between Walnut and Chestnut. He was restored to consciousness and taken home.

Eddie Baur, periodical dealer under the United States Hotel, has our thanks for latest illustrated papers. Eddie keeps a fine stock.

The Main street passenger railway is doing a heavy business. The conductors are clever and polite gentlemen.

Business was rather brisk in the city yesterday.

### CRIMINAL COURT.

#### Sixth Day's Proceedings.

Parliament to adjournment, the Circuit Court met at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, the Hon. P. B. Muir on the bench.

In the case of E. T. Bainbridge, charged with assaulting W. C. Hite with intent to kill, a change of venue was granted to Bullitt county, Mr. Bainbridge giving bonds in \$800 to appear there.

The following cases were tried: John Metz, grand larceny; not guilty. Terry O'Neill, grand larceny; guilty—two years.

Charles Rammersburg, larceny; guilty—one year.

The grand jury returned a number of indictments, and the cases were set for trial.

The grand jury adjourned to meet again on the 1st of December.

The court meets again at 9 o'clock this morning.

FEEL AMONG THIEVES.—On last Friday afternoon Mr. E. Eggleston, a grocer residing in the upper portion of the city, was returning to the city with a wagon loaded with country produce. He had reached a point on the Shelbyville pike just above Middletown when he was suddenly ordered to "halt." Looking out of his wagon he discovered that he was surrounded by six guerrillas, two of whom held pistols, cocked, to his head, while the remainder of the party helped themselves to socks and such other goods as they needed. They then demanded, his "money or his brains," and he thinking more of brains than money, handed them all he had—forty dollars, after which they allowed him to come on to the city. The same party met a Dr. Jack son, and relieved him of a silver watch and some money. It is not known who they were, nor did either of the above gentlemen think of asking them.

CAPTURE OF MAJOR THEOPHILUS STEELE, C. S. A.—A few days ago a company of Home Guards captured in Owen county, Kentucky, Major Theophilus Steele, of the Seventh Kentucky rebel cavalry. He was brought to this city yesterday in charge of Dr. C. B. Snell, Deputy Provost Marshal of Owen county. Just before arriving at Weston, in Owen county, Steele, whose side arms had been taken, drew a derringer pistol, and placing it at the head of the officer, pulled the trigger; but, fortunately for the officer, the cap snapped. The Major then delivered up a pair of pistols to Captain Snell.

The Major had orders from the War Department at Richmond directing him to proceed to Kentucky and recruit for the Seventh Kentucky cavalry. Major Steele is from Lexington, Kentucky.

REBEL OFFICERS.—Yesterday afternoon seven rebel officers were forwarded to Johnson's Island from this city. Among the number was Col. Rose and Capt. Kirkman, who had previously made their escape and were arrested. The following are their names:

Charleston G. Duke, First Lieutenant, 1st Battalion, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.

James P. Kirkman, Captain Tenth Tennessee Infantry.

Wm. A. Mayo, Captain Sixty-second Tennessee Cavalry.

James G. Rose, Colonel Sixty-second Tennessee Cavalry.

James M. Womble, Third Lieutenant Tenth Alabama Cavalry.

EDWARD WILDER, J. H. M. MORRIS, WILDER & MORRIS, GENERAL BROKERS, 323 Broad Street, N. Y.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 323 Broad Street, N. Y.

R. ATKINSON & CO., Tobacco Factors & Commission Merchants, 32 Broad Street, New York.

NOTICE

DRY GOODS TRADE.

A Change of Business.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Wholesale Millinery Goods at Reduced Prices, at 516 Main street, Up Stairs.

There is no place east of the Hudson where a better or more complete and varied than at Ogle & Co.'s wholesale millinery house.

They have three shades of superfine green velvet, besides every other plain color and mixed plaid.

They have silk and satin hats trimmed and untrimmed, men's and women's hats, plain, white edge and plain black velvet ribbons.

They have feathers, plumes, flowers and every other ornament.

They have bright trappings, hat fringes and cloaks, and every article of millinery goods in the city. Prices as low as any other house.

CANNON & BYERS, 522 Main street.

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GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Wholesale

## AMUSEMENTS.

### Wood's Theater,

Corner Fourth and Jefferson streets.  
DUFFIELD & ELLEN, Managers.  
S. W. SUGDEN, Acting Manager.  
J. S. BERNARD, Musical Director.  
The third night of the engagement of the great BONFACE AND NEWTON ALLIANCE.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 26, MR. WILLIAM BONFACE performed the great play of HENRIETTA, or, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. Quadroon... Mr. Geo. Bonface. General... Miss Lila Newton.

To conclude with the DUMB GIRL OF GENOA.

Grand Matine Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

PAIRS OF ADMISSION—Private Boxes \$6; Dress Boxes \$8; Log Boxes \$10; Log Boxes \$12; Log Boxes \$15; Log Boxes \$18.

Doors open at quarter to 7 o'clock; curtain will rise at 7.30 o'clock.

**Louisville Theater,** Corner Fourth and Green streets.

SARBY & CALVERT, Proprietors and Managers.

CARBY, Treasurer.

DA. CALVERT, Stage Manager.

Told stories of the great Boston and New York shows, Miss LEO HUDSON, who will appear in the great review of the Masons of Massachusetts, introducing the great review of the Masons of Massachusetts.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 26, WILL BE PERFORMED THE THRILLING EQUESTRIAN DRAMA OF MAZARPPA, OR THE WILD HORSE, TARTARY.

MANAGERS—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. TARTARY.

WILD HORSE, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. TARTARY.

To conclude with the DUMB GIRL OF GENOA.

Grand Matine Saturday afternoon. Doors open at 3 o'clock; commence at 7.30 o'clock. Admission \$1.00.

Doors open at 6.30 o'clock. Curtains rise at 7.30 o'clock.

PAIRS OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquette Boxes \$6; Log Boxes \$8; Log Boxes \$10; Log Boxes \$12; Log Boxes \$14; Log Boxes \$16; Log Boxes \$18.

Doors open daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

**Louisville Theater,** Corner Fourth and Green streets.

GROVER'S GRAND OPERA.

LEONARD GROVER, DIRECTOR.

(Also of Grover's Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Grover's Theater, Washington, D. C.)

CARL ANSCHUTZ, CONDUCTOR.

(The world renowned Masonic Baron of the age.)

THE LARGEST AND MOST EFFICIENT GRANDOPERA COMPANY.

Ever organized in America.

Season of Ten Nights Only.

GRAND INAUGURAL NIGHT,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12TH, 1864.

Full particulars will appear in the papers of Friday, December 3.

**BAILEY**

—AT—

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

On Wednesday Evening, Nov. 30th,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF WM. H. ISGRIGG.

A CITIZEN OF LOUISVILLE, KY., WHO WAS DRIVEN ON FRIDAY LAST, EVER PREPARATION WILL BE MADE TO RAISE THE SUM OF \$10,000 TO PURCHASE A GOOD AND ORDER AND EVERY ATTENTION TO GUESTS.

Tickets \$1, to be had at the door.

MANAGERS—Ben. Palford, Pat. Dillon, Erwin Bell, E. G. Loring.

**RYAN & CALHOUN'S MINSTRELS,**

The King Troupe of the World,

SEVENTEEN IN NUMBER,

THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF VERSATILE ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, selected from all the principal Minstrel Companies in this country, will perform.

At Spark's Hall, Jeffersonville,

TWO NIGHTS—ONLY—FRIDAY AND SATURDAY!

November 26th and 27th.

At Woodward Hall, New Albany,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS, NOVEMBER 26th and 27th.

At Masonic Temple, Louisville,

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, NOV. 30 and Dec. 1, 2, and 3.

C. J. DAVIS, Agent.

NOTE—Late Prop's of Olympia Theater, Puff.

**PUBLIC SALES.**

BY THOS. A. MORGAN.

BRICK HOUSE AND LOT AT AUCTION.

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, AT ABOUT THE HOUR of 11 o'clock A. M. will sell at auction, at the Courtney house down a Brick Court House and Lo. street, the brick house and lot, with all the furniture, Ninth and Tenth streets, and running back same width, and all the windows, and there are six or seven rooms. Possession given at once.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in 2 and 2 years, with interest and 10 per cent.

THOS. A. MORGAN, auctioneer.

**BY THOS. A. MORGAN.**

DECEMBER SIXTH STREET BUILDING LOT AT AUCTION.

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 5TH, AT ABOUT THE HOUR of 11 o'clock A. M. will sell at auction, on the corner of Sixth and December, the building lot, with all the furniture, Ninth and Tenth streets, and running back same width, and all the windows, and there are six or seven rooms. Possession given at once.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in 2 and 2 years, with interest and 10 per cent.

THOS. A. MORGAN, auctioneer.

**THOROUGHBRED TROTTING AND SADDLE STOCK FOR SALE AT AUCTION,**

AT LOUISVILLE, KY., NOVEMBER 30TH, 1864. AT THE COURTHOUSE, on the corner of Fourth and Main streets.

No. 1. Bay Gelding, full brother to Idwell, by Revenue, dam of F. K. Kenner's stock.

No. 2. Bay Gelding, by Lexington, dam by American, a full brother to the famous Arabian stallion.

No. 3. Bay Gelding, by Lexington, the premium saddle stock, and in the line.

No. 4. Grey Gelding, by Lexington, dam by American, a full brother to the famous Arabian stallion.

No. 5. Bay Gelding, the premium saddle stock, and in the line.

No. 6. Bay Gelding, by Lexington, dam by American, a full brother to the famous Arabian stallion.

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# Daily Democrat

TWICE LOVED.

"Forever! Forever! The home that was to have been the home of all my life; the husband that I vowed to love all my life; his family that has become mine—leave all forever! To leave reputation, friends, all! So spoke Estelle Vergennes, as she walked slowly through the small but ne'er-sleeping town, which had been the home of her husband, to bring her home two years previously, when she had come a young and happy wife from her mother's home to his.

Then she had loved him, then she had faith, than she had hoped and dared to look forward to life. What long weary days and months had passed by since then! How, one by one, had her illusions faded; how had long weariness made her almost desirous death rather than the dull monotony, which, like a heavy pall, had hung over her young life.

She walked on slowly and sad through the small nest rooms, till at last she stood in what was her husband's study, and paused in front of a full-length picture of herself.

"How will he gaze on this when he returns and finds me not? Years ago he would have cursed me, for he loved me then; but now he will discard the picture as he has discarded me. I will not weep; why should I! I am nothing, I have long been nothing to him: I go to love and happiness, ridding him of a burden on his life."

As she uttered these words Estelle drew from her finger her wedding-ring, and laid it on the writing paper which lay open on her husband's desk; then taking a pen she wrote beneath: "Forever! forever! me."

For one moment she bent over the desk, then, knowing what she did, she pressed her lips upon it, and laid her head on its polished surface.

"Now it is over!" she exclaimed, "now I have renounced all forever."

Then with a firm step she passed from the apartment, and, going to her own room, threw over her dark gray dress a large black cloak, and turned from the mirror which never was to reflect her image again.

"Madame is going out," said the polite, dapper servant, emerging from a kitchen that looked like some elegant amateur cooking plaything.

"Yes," said Estelle, "Monsieur will be back to-night; tell him there is a note from me on his table; that will tell him where to find me."

"A pleasant evening to madame," said the woman, politely advancing to open the door, and shut it after her mistress.

"Good by, Jeannette," said Madame Vergennes, and thus it was that Estelle passed from her home for the last time.

In a few minutes she was in the crowd of the Rue Boulevards, and then passed on with rapid step to the Rue St. Honore. At the corner of the Place de la Madeleine, just beyond the place where the *Marche aux fleurs* is held, there was a carriage waiting, and pacing the pavement in front of it a gentleman who every now and then would rush to the corner nearest the boulevards and look with a long gaze at the ever-moving crowd that came and went. Henri had length deserves the dark, unobtrusive figure making his way with quick step through the gay and busy multitude. Then he turns, and, hailing the coachman he ready to start, he waits, looking eagerly towards the corner of the boulevards.

The pavement by the church is entirely deserted; the lady in the gray cloak has turned the corner, she comes along, the shadow of tall marble columns falling on her as she passes, and at last she reaches the spot where he stands. Her breath comes quick and fast; her eyes were brightly, and her cheeks glowed. She cannot speak; she holds toward her ready, and, without another word, drew her arms through his, and led her to the train.

Once again Estelle is beneath the roof she had thought to have left forever—back to her home honored as she was. Her husband's sister is here waiting for her. She speaks of Henri's absurdity in taking his wife on so hurried a journey; she asks details of the terrible accident. Henri never leaves the room, and, under the influence of his firm, cold eyes she tries to give coherent answers.

At last they are alone; then Henri bids Estelle listen to him.

"Madame," he says, "it is right you should understand my position. I have saved you—brought you back for the sake of my reputation, and for your sake."

"You cannot think I shall love you," said Estelle with contempt.

"Madame," continued Henri, with a cold, sarcastic smile, "women of light virtue, women like yourself, are too plentiful in Paris for me to ask your love. You are here merely as the representative of my honor. Because I had sworn to protect you, I saved you from the ignominy into which you had thrown yourself; I was prepared to take you at any cost from the seducer; death saved me the trouble. By the way, that you may not think there is a trick in this, here is the account of the accident in this paper: you will find his name in the list of the dead. Madame, you are the mistress of my house; you are to the world, to our friends, even to my family, all you were before; and mind, that neither by word, nor look, nor deed, you betray the past—that is a secret that rests between ourselves."

"You scorned and neglected me, Henri, when I was faithful to you—when I loved you—how do you think me so base as not to despise?"

"Madame," said Henri, "allow me to conclude; you have heard my first with regard to ourselves. To me alone, of all you are not a wife; you are a woman who has forfeited all esteem and all respect; to me alone, are the mistress of Octave Sern, and as such a woman I look upon you and treat you. Never speak to me when there are no witnesses; nothing of my feelings, nothing of anything that concerns me. You have no rights; you are a creature living on my bounty, at my mercy—a criminal living ever with her judge—remember this, Madame; but remember, also, that you have not the privilege of complaint, nor shall you dare to breathe to any living ear, not even to your confessor, one word of your past crime or your present punishment."

Henri left the room. Estelle's first impulse was to fly from the house; but then wither could she go? Even her own relations, when Henri should reveal the truth as in case she rebelled he would—drive her from her presence. "Octave!" she said to her, smiling, bursting into tears. "I am sorry, but I did not do it."

"But there was nothing but submission, and, wretched and heart-broken, Estelle submitted."

Henri kept the conditions he had made strictly; in his public, in his own family, his attentions to his wife were greater than they ever had been; tenderly he cared for her, gently, he spoke of her—he was growing richer; his genius was emerging from the crowd and bringing its reward; luxuries increased around Estelle; her home was now one of splendor; she had numerous servants around her, and a carriage at her command. Her diamonds and dresses were the envy of her friends. Her own relatives congratulated her on her happy marriage. The world, too, told her that she should be proud of her husband, prophesying that he would rise to the highest honors. But Henri had never changed his manner towards Estelle; in entire, silent contempt, marked his manner towards her; not for an instant did he seem to forget that she was to him nothing but Octave's mistress.

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